Dem. Well roard Lyon.
Duke. Well runne *Thisbie.*
Dutch. Well ſhoone *Moone.* Truely the Moone ſhines with a good grace.
Duke. Well mouz'd *Lyon.*
Dem. And then came *Piramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thisbie* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! how can it be!
O dainty ducke, ô deare!
Thy mantle good, what ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Duke. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.
Dutch. Beſhrew my heart, but I pitty the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath heere deflour'd my deare;
Which is, no, no, which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares confound, out ſword and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule, is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.
Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ.